

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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Three Men and a Lady

PETER J. MOORE

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

"COME ON, COME ON, WE'LL CRANK IT UP AGAIN, ONLY *this* time, let me do it!" With what I thought was unseemingly haste and with an unconscious smirk on my face, I handed Bob the crank. He proceeded to the front of the car, inserted the crank, and twisted violently. Silence. Another violent twist brought more silence. Ten or twelve twists later, and the air was still as soundless as it had been when Lewis and Clark first came to Montana. Right about then Lewis and Clark could have led me back to civilization without any argument on my part.

You've heard the war stories about being "10,000 feet up in the air in a bomber, both motors gone, the tail shot away . . ." We were 7,000 feet up in the mountains, with one (the only one) motor dead, at 1:00 A.M. in the middle of Montana. Perhaps I am getting ahead of my story, however, because life was peaceful at one time.

The men were Bob Parro, a happy-go-lucky lad of twenty-one who thought that he could put a car through the same evolutions you could a racing plane; Fred Smelter, "Fearless Fred," who could be counted on to drive safely day or night; and last but not as usual, not least, I made the third man of our merry trio. The lady was the most unique female I have ever had the pleasure to meet. Her name was Melinda, and although she was old (she had seen her twentieth birthday), with makeup on she could outshine any of the women in her class. She had no chaperon; she never needed one. We coaxed her like children to get her to do this or that for us, and she responded like the darling old grandmother that she probably was. She was fast without being loose, but she was mighty expensive to have along on a trip like ours. Her top speed was 55 m.p.h. on the highway. What's that? Who *was* Melinda? Why Melinda, sir, was our 1927 Buick, and a finer car never took to the road!

The saga of "Three Men and a Lady" started in the winter months of 1947, when Bob, Fred, and I were all wondering what we would do on our vacations in the coming summer. The previous summer we had taken a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo and spent a week looking the city over and making short excursions into Canada. This time we wanted to do something bigger, with more excitement, and get away from civilization if possible. As usual, we explored the various impossible possibilities, such as going to Europe on a tramp steamer, flying to Hawaii, or the like. Finally, after a long bull session, we tossed out all the ideas except two. We would either go to Canada to see Banff National Park and Fred's uncle, who lived near there, or go to Mexico City to see what it looked like. Of course we had no car, nor was there any

immediate possibility of getting one, but we knew that we were going. Canada was decided upon without too much trouble, and a month later we bought Melinda from a man who said that he would turn over in his grave if the car had been driven any farther than 48,000 miles in the twenty years of its existence. We believed him of course!

It wasn't a bright June morning when we left Chicago, but grayish black, portending perhaps the bleak-outlook we had for the trip. Judging from what happened en route, we should have been downcast. Melinda was loaded to the running boards with junk that was so unnecessary that more than half of it could have been left home and never missed. We had an arsenal of three rifles and three pistols, all with enough ammunition to hold off a tribe of Indians or even bears. I imagined myself another Stanley, and wore a sheath knife with a seven-inch blade, while Fred carried one of the pistols with him most of the time, continually assuring us that we had nothing to fear at night. Bob's only concession to our general air of fierce explorers was to grow a beard and frighten away all of the halfway decent-looking women that we saw on the trip. We must have looked like refugees fleeing from an oncoming horde of Japs. The back seat of the car was piled high with duffle bags, rifles, a tent, sleeping bags, three five-gallon cans of extra gasoline, mosquito repellent (later christened "Mosquito Martini" because of the Canadian mosquitoes came from miles around to lap it up), flares, canteens of water—yes, all the comforts of home.

After Melinda chugged away from Bob's house amid the cheers of an obnoxious crowd of pessimists who loudly predicted that we would never reach the city limits, we began to get a sense of excitement and accomplishment that was to carry through the entire trip. We drove on and on, feeling like Byrd on his way to the South Pole. But at Western Avenue, still inside the city limits, the right front tire went flat. We had not reached the city limits, and already our enthusiasm started to play touch tag amid the debris in the back seat during our hunt for tools and a new spare tire. Dirtier than before, still smiling, we started off again, only to have trouble with the carburetor, ten miles outside Chicago. We traveled at a top speed of ten miles an hour for fifty miles because of the sniffing carburetor. Occasionally Bob would get out and rearrange a few nuts and bolts, but the carburetor still refused to give results. We got the creature doctored at a small gas station in central Illinois, paid the doctor and drove on, deciding to drive all night to make up for lost time. We would make Canada yet!

This was how the trip started. We had planned to drive all day and sleep beside the road at night in our sleeping bags. We didn't see the inside of our sleeping bags until the return trip when we stopped over in Yellowstone Park. When I was tired of driving, I would wake Bob or Fred, climb back in the back seat, pound a soft spot among the duffle bags, and collapse for three or four hours until it was my turn to drive again. All the way across the country,

Melinda wanted to stop and take a good look at the landscape. If the tires weren't sufficiently worn out, she would have trouble with her spark plugs. If the spark plugs had been fixed, the carburetor would have a relapse. Then, as if we didn't have enough diseases already, we discovered that the body was out of line with the frame, giving the tires much more wear than usual. We did have a scenery-loving car however, because whenever anything went wrong, Melinda took care to break down on some mountain road with a beautiful view, or near a rushing river or a peaceful lake, or . . . in the absence of all of these, she would try to get a beautiful sunrise or sunset in view before coming to an abrupt halt.

A week out of Chicago found us in the mountains of Montana, 7,000 feet high, at 1:00 A.M., the motor dead, and the only way to start the car was with a crank and a lot of pull. We had driven all night the night before, and had slept in the city park of Great Falls for a short time that afternoon. All three of us were in bad shape now, but the thing that kept us going was the thought of going back to Chicago without reaching Banff and Lake Louise. The obnoxious pessimistic crowd would still be waiting, and the smirks of unsaid "I told you so's!" would cover their faces. I was finally pressed into service again to crank the car. I decided, just as an experiment, to use two hands when cranking, a very unorthodox procedure. My arm almost broke when the motor caught, but at least the experiment got us rolling again toward civilization.

Tempers began to get short, and the lack of sleep began to irritate our nerves considerably. Scenery didn't interest us much any more. We *had* to get to Banff and Lake Louise, no matter what happened. After many forced stops, we steamed up to the customs station at the Canadian border. We finally reached Canada, but Banff lay 150 miles further north. The American officials laughed at us, but the Canadian officials were amazed both at our feat of driving and Melinda. They were very helpful and gave us several maps and valuable information regarding their rather poor roads.

Canada is an amazing country. The scenery in the Canadian Rocky Mountains is beyond comparison or description. The Canadian people themselves were very friendly everywhere we went. After we crossed the border into Alberta, we came upon a detour. Bob and I were sleeping in pieces, pieces of tires, of gasoline cans, of dirty rags, dreaming that we were traveling in a Cadillac and stopping at the best hotels. Fred ignored the sign and drove around because he thought that no matter what lay ahead, unless the road was washed out, Melinda could plow through. Twelve miles further up the road, exactly at mid-night, he found a gang of men working on the road and pouring new asphalt on the crushed stone. They flagged him down and politely asked him what he was doing driving down a road under construction. We awoke at once, and after we stopped laughing, apologized for our little moronic friend, turning back the way we came. The next day after going forty miles out of our

way to avoid the construction gang, we discovered that it was Dominion Day, or the Canadian fourth of July, and all the gas stations were closed. After running all night, Melinda needed her vitamin juice, the sooner the better! None of the small-town stations were open, and Calgary was our only hope. We cursed Melinda, begged her in the next breath, and pleaded to her sense of justice. Then we murmured a prayer, poured in all our extra gas, and headed Melinda for Calgary, forty miles and three gallons of gas away. Impossible as it sounds, we did make Calgary, even though prior to this long haul we were getting only twelve miles to the gallon.

Once we were out of Calgary, the prospects began to look better, because Lake Louise was only thirty miles from the city limits. Melinda began to sense that she was snorting toward the goal of the trip, putting all her eight cylinders into her efforts. We knew that the tires, one or all, might decide to relax at any time, so in order not to put a jinx on the tires we made a pact that under no circumstances was anyone to ask about their condition. This way we made sure that there would be no blow-outs.

We entered Banff National Park with some elation, but Lake Louise was our goal, and we weren't going to settle for less. The last obstacle was a three-mile mountain road. Melinda had had some climbing experience, but never three miles straight up. Puffing, steaming, snorting like an old fashioned locomotive, the old girl put her entire heart, or what there was left of it after a 2100-mile trip, into the effort.

Then we saw the glint of the sunlight on the ice-cold, blue-green glacial water. Maybe there are prettier sights, or ones that are more satisfying to behold, but all three of us will never forget the first glimpse we had of those sparkling waters. We made it. We could walk home, or even take the train—after we shot Melinda—but we had done what we set out to do. The “Lady” had listened to our prayers.

Everyone Has Some Kind of Religion

Rhetoric 101, Theme 13

Everyone needs some kind of religion. Some will agree with this statement; others will not agree. Agreement or disagreement rests on the meaning—to the individual—of the word *religion*.

If by *religion* we mean one of the ordinarily labeled codes such as Christianity, Hinduism, Mohammedism, or Judaism, then the statement admits of some exceptions, for we see many people about us who have none of these formally organized religions.

However, if we think of *religion* as a belief in something, then the statement holds true for everyone. It is not for nothing that we say of someone, “Money (or power, or science) is his God.” The belief of a person in something is evident in his pursuit of it.

There are those who say they believe in nothing. Possibly. But to believe in nothing is to deny; denying is believing.

Life depends on belief. If we think of belief as a religion, it becomes evident that everyone has his religion—JOSEPH DORGAN.

Jazz, A Different Music

CHARLES E. REEL

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

WHEN MANY OF OUR PRESENT DAY MUSIC CRITICS attempt to pass judgment upon jazz they do so by the same standards they would employ with any other form of music. This is indeed unfair because jazz is, in itself, a new art form. It contains chords never before heard and at times it defies all existing rules for harmony and rhythm. The critic who uses these differences as destructive criticism of jazz obviously fails to recognize jazz as a new form of art and consequently fails to recognize its purpose.

When a jazz composer deviates from present day musical standards he does so to create new standards which may be applied to jazz, and not because he lacks knowledge of musical composition. It is through the use of these new standards that jazz fulfills its artistic purpose.

One of the distinct features that distinguish jazz from other music is the use of the blue note. The critic must understand that these blue notes—used as a harmonic device—are distinct departures from traditional harmony. By playing flat and natural of the same note in the same chord, jazz becomes a combination of the blue scale and the pentatonic scale, resulting in a harmony possessing something of a primitive vitality in the sound of a large number of instruments playing simultaneous melodies based on the two scales. This primitive vitality resulting from the combination of these two scales is the effect the jazz composer is striving for.

Besides understanding the structure of jazz, the critic must realize that the artistic purpose of jazz is different from that of other serious music. The European tradition was always epic, romantic, or lyric, and art for art's sake. The jazz composer is personally interested in the expression of folk reactions to everyday life.

Romanticism to such masters as Liszt and Beethoven meant modernity, the spirit of unrest, and desire for progress. To Mendelssohn and Schuman, lyricism meant an attempt to make their instrumental composition sing. All of these European composers achieved their purpose through the concept of the individual rather than that of the folk. They made no attempt to express the feelings of a whole nation or a whole race of people in their compositions. The works of these masters express their own feelings, and they make no attempt at anything else.

The jazz composer attempts to express more than his own feelings in his compositions. Jazz did not issue from the individual efforts of one composer, but from the spontaneous urge of a whole populace. We might say that jazz

is a combination of the work song, the spiritual, the blues, dance music, and many other forms of music. It is the combined emotions of all of these types of music that the jazz composer is trying to express in his compositions.

Jazz is a variety of folk music, and the distinction between folk music and other serious music is so profound that it is almost absolute. Jazz makes a simple, direct appeal that may be felt to its fullest extent by the populace who are, in general, only mildly interested in music.

In our day, many audiences are accepting jazz as serious music only when it appears under the name of George Gershwin; but as they become more accustomed to his music, they will be ready to accept the more radical jazz compositions and know jazz as it deserves to be known.

During some of Gershwin's very popular concerts, some conductors are playing one or two compositions by other jazz composers. As the American public learned to understand and accept the music of Gershwin in this manner, they are learning to understand and accept the works of other jazz composers. This is becoming more and more obvious with the increasing popularity of such works as *The Jazz Ballet* by John Alden Carpenter, *The Blues Sonata* by Maurice Ravel, and a jazz piano concerto by Aaron Copland.

Rather than compare jazz with serious music, the critics should note the extraordinary development that has taken place in jazz music since 1900—the enrichment of harmony, rhythm, and melodic writings; the birth of a new instrumentation; and the growth of a rich vocabulary particular to music itself—he would then see that jazz is a new art and that it has a future.

Not only the critic, but all music lovers must realize that the story of jazz has actually only begun.

"Tomorrow should prove the valid conclusions of today's argument just as forcefully and eloquently as yesterday has provided its premises."

The German Soul Exposed

JOEL CORD

Rhetoric 102, Theme 7

Dr. Faustus by Thomas Mann

DR. FAUSTUS IS A TREMENDOUS BOOK; IT CAN BE DESCRIBED in no other words. Thomas Mann has taken an expression of human culture, music, and has fashioned it into a symbol that represents the awesome workings of a soul—the German soul. Through the medium of this symbol, and facilitated by a singular simplicity of style, Mann has fabricated an intensely complex web of interrelating allegories, analogies, and

symbols that, when viewed from the proper perspective, reveal to the reader the mystery that the author was bent on illuminating—the mystery of what makes a German German.

The book is ostensibly the biography of the great (fictitious) German musical genius, Adrian Leverkühn, as told by his friend and devotee Serenus Zeitblom. The narration follows Adrian's life from his early precocious years, years of intellectual maturing, to his final tragic ones. By the time the reader has finished the epilogue, he has been exposed to every field of study that man's intellect has found fit to explore: psychology, philosophy, the physical and biological sciences, politics, art, and theology; to all of these erudite experiences, Mann exposes his protagonist. Were it not for its manifold other aspects, the book could be called a panorama of a great ubiquitous intellect.

Adrian at first intended to become a theologian, but, after attending an academy for two years, he tired of his studies and took up music as his profession. Though he was to study music for the rest of his life and never again come in direct contact with the dogmas of theology, it was not with a light musician's airiness that he was to create his music; his music was always to bear the mark of his theologian upbringing; stark, medieval, irrational, and demonic was the music that he created.

At about the time that Adrian begins to study music seriously, a psychological incident occurs to which Mann attaches much importance. Adrian makes a pact with the Devil. He, who had never sought out female companionship, visits a prostitute and is infected with syphilis. He imagines that the Devil appears before him and offers him twenty years of unparalleled creativeness in return for his soul at the end of this period. Adrian was thus married to hell. The Devil, upon leaving, makes the most memorable speech of the book; "Thy life shall be cold; therefore Thou shall love no human being."

Adrian created three tremendous masterpieces during the twenty-year period. They were *Phosphorence of the Sea*, *The Apocalypse*, and, the incomparable, *The Lamentation of Dr. Faustus*. With the finish of this last great work, he was seized with an attack of his latent insanity and was mentally incapacitated. Thus ended a genius's life.

* * * *

Adrian Leverkühn was a great man, not because he was a tragic genius, but because he was many tragic geniuses. He symbolizes Wagner, setting the German legends and terrible demonic philosophies to music—the one language that all Germans understand; he represents Goethe, trying to accomplish everything, attempting to be universal—indeed, does his story and last demonic piece not take the name of Goethe's immortal drama? He represents, probably more obviously than any other person, Nietzsche, the mad German philosopher, the man who, like Adrian, chose aestheticism over every thing, and who, like Adrian, paid his awful price when latent syphilis-induced insanity claimed him; he represents Dr. Freud, who, together with Nietzsche,

brought Germany to the peak of its intellectual golden age; and also, perhaps more than anybody else, he symbolizes Thomas Mann, Thomas Mann who, too, created three great works—*The Magic Mountain*, *The Joseph Trilogy*, and perhaps his greatest, *Dr. Faustus*. Isn't it Mann, like Adrian, whose creations were burned by Hitler? Isn't it really Mann, not Serenus Zeitblom, who utters the last words that typify so much Mann's attitude towards his beloved Germany: "I have clung to one man, one suffering, significant human being, clung unto death; and I have depicted his life which never ceased to fill me with love and grief. To me it seems as though this loyalty might atone for my having fled in horror from my country's guilt."

But most of all Adrian represents Germany, Germany who made a pact with the Devil, her own Devil, to be satisfied with nothing short of the world, the universal, and if unable to realize her ambitions, to let the Devil take her soul.

Brown in Defense of Polygamy

BENJAMIN T. BROWN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 3

I WANT THIS FIRST PARAGRAPH OR TWO TO BE, IN SOME measure, an explanation of as well as an introduction to the following discussion. I think that the explanation will be necessary because the topic arose, in a manner of speaking, from a bottle of Scotch.

The other evening Waldo and I were sitting at home with my children while my wife attended one of those interminable (and to me intolerable) bridge parties. The conversation began innocently enough with the subject of my domestic attachments and responsibilities. It waxed steadily more profound as the hours grew smaller and the Scotch level lower. Evidently my wife returned home and I found my bed at some time of the morning, but I cannot be absolutely sure. At any rate, it was several days later that Waldo related to me the discussion as I have given it below. (He was able to do this for he was sitting somewhat farther away from the bottle than I.) Although Waldo seemed to be amused by it, I find it quite good and am marvelling yet at my astuteness. Truly, "*in vino veritas*."

As Waldo recalled it the last thing that we agreed upon that evening was the fact that modern monogamous marriage was definitely on the rocks, or at the very least in dangerous shoal water. The main difference of opinion lay, however, in the methods by which it should be saved. I contended that the only possible out was a complete change in the marriage system. Waldo maintained that such a drastic move was unnecessary and dangerous; that all that was really needed was a sound system of education for modern adults. This

educational rehabilitation would supposedly prepare the mature person to meet and overcome the myriad problems that confront the married couple in modern society. I disposed of this argument by gently but irrefutably pointing out that modern man refuses to be taught.

The need for a change then being definitely established, I proposed polygamy as being the most advisable plan. If there are those of you who are amazed at the daring of my conceptions, let me say that I have never been one whose mind lacked scope and imagination. However, I digress. This proposal of mine was met, very feebly, by Waldo, with a reference to his plan of education as being of higher merit. I patiently reminded him that this point had already been dealt with and that I thought it small of him not to realize it.

Because I had thus shown myself to be the master of the discussion, Waldo became somewhat confused and began throwing at me what I can only term "petty" arguments. For the sake of thoroughness I include them here, and I hope that the reader will not take them as an insult to his or her intelligence. Waldo stated first that polygamy would be impractical for most men because it would be too expensive to feed and clothe more than one wife. The answer is of course obvious. With one of the wives to do the housework and care for the children, all the rest would be in position to secure some form of employment. With the added income thus achieved, polygamy would be less expensive than monogamy. In the ideal situation a man would have a sufficient number of wives so that he would not need to drudge for subsistence, but could devote himself to the pursuit of more aesthetic occupations.

Secondly, Waldo maintained that the dissension in a household of more than one wife would be more than mortal man could bear. This seems to me to be absurd. The variety and interest that would be lent to connubial life by the constant friction between wives would be an advantage, not the contrary. If I may be permitted a rhetorical question, what is more soothing to a man's ego than the sight and sound of women bickering over him? Nothing!

Disregarding his ignominious failure to make his last point, Waldo stated that children would be given a warped attitude toward life by having more than one mother. He cited me many weary instances of the drastic results incurred by splitting a child's affections and loyalties into too many camps. But I say that anyone who has read the works of Dr. Freud cannot fail to see that even more horrible things can happen to a child with only the ordinary number of parents.

Waldo, looking properly quashed, then brought up his trump card. Religion! It was against the religion of Christian to marry more than one person. That is true. It is against Christianity. But who is really a Christian now? Who follows the precepts laid down as laws and requirements by the authors of the Bible? Who indeed! The term Christian has become almost synonymous with hypocrite. Since this is the case, is it not reasonable to assume that Christianity is outmoded? And should it not then follow that the system of

marriage advocated by Christianity be also obsolete? I say yes! Waldo said nothing.

In conclusion I wish to deal with his (Waldo's) contention that the system of polygamy would give rise to dangers that do not exist in monogamy, dangers that would be such as to contra-indicate its adoption. He mentions surfeit as one. Would not the man who has five wives become five times as tired of marriage as the man with one and therefore five times as eager for divorce? To a person who considers the case only superficially, this might seem so. However, there is a simpler method for a man to relieve his boredom or surfeit. All he need do is to take another wife, being careful to choose one who is in no respect like his others. Simple!

For the record, I might say that I broached this topic to my wife in the attempt to obtain the woman's point of view. It is fruitless to set down her answer, since, as I might have suspected, it was typically feminine. All men know that it is impossible to argue logically with a woman. But even without the women's viewpoint, it is obvious to the reader that the victor in the argument was . . . Well, perhaps I really should leave it to you.

How to Spend Your Time Profitably While Standing in Line

MARGARETH STROUT

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

NOW THAT PEACE HAS BROKEN OUT IN SOME PLACES and we are no longer faced with ration lines, shoe lines, sheet lines, and all the other lines that compromised civilian life during the war, it is possible to turn one's attention to a fine point of line-standing that was overlooked before—how to spend one's time profitably while standing in line. The line-stander of the war era did not have this problem. His time was consumed in pushing, shoving, shouting, and trying to sneak up in the line. The only people who made any profit were those blackguards who sold black-market goods at terrific prices to the unfortunate people in the rear of the line.

Now, however, we are faced with the problem of placid, peacetime lines with absolutely no prospect of a riot. If one is accompanied by an acquaintance of the pleasanter and more intimate variety, this problem of line-standing presents no chore. Time flies while the two chatter gayly. But let us suppose that such a friend is not around. As an example I shall use the line of my high school cafeteria. To begin with, I was always last in line. This meant I had about fifteen minutes to sit on the hall radiator and do my Spanish. The

Spanish quite often was not done. Once inside the cafeteria there were several intellectual pursuits, such as memorizing the menu, erasing certain letters on the menu so that funny or spicy sayings were left, figuring out the capacity of the cafeteria by either algebra or plain counting, or trying to guess the cost of each tray before it reached the cash register. Life in this line was always heightened by some student's dropping his tray. Sometimes a friendly teacher would help me slip into the faculty line. This section always had the fastest service and the best food.

On the occasions that I stood in line for tickets to sports events I spent my time *very* profitably figuring a parlay. I really don't know much about them, but there is always someone willing to give hot tips.

While at the University of Illinois, I have spent my line-time in making friends. I consider my time wasted if a session of line-standing does not produce an interesting friend or a date for the near future. If a man's wealth is counted in friends, then I am wealthy; and if wealth is an indication of time and effort well spent, then my time in line has been spent profitably.

As a last desperate resort, one can always twiddle his thumbs, dance a snappy jig, or do motor-fitness exercises.

"There are Millions and Millions Of Chinese Who Do Not Like Communism and Will Fight It."

—Claire Chennault

ANONYMOUS—A Chinese Student

Rhetoric 102, Theme 13

WHEN HE RETURNED TO THE UNITED STATES FOR A visit, General Chennault made this statement. I have no doubt that many Americans agree with his statement, but the puzzling point at the present moment is the indifference shown by the nation as a whole toward the threatening situation in East Asia. Except for a few sharp statements made by Republican Congressmen, the State Department and the people appear strangely acquiescent.

As leader of the "Flying Tigers" in China during the Second World War, General Chennault has mixed with all ranks in the Chinese Army and Air Force, and he certainly knows better than any other American the mentality

of the Chinese fighting forces. When the war ended he remained in China and helped to organize the Chinese National Airways Corporation. He bought many shares in this corporation and has since lived more or less the life of a Chinese. With such a background, I believe that General Chennault's statement is made from first-hand knowledge and direct contact with the Chinese people.

There are many practical issues which can support General Chennault's statement.

The most important is the conservative mentality of the Chinese people. Communism is something new, radical, and entirely foreign to the Chinese, and such an ideology is in direct opposition to conservatism. Although the Chinese are mostly poor agrarian people, they are practical, contented, individualistic, easy-going, and indifferent toward any government system. It used to be said that the most popular government among the Chinese was the government that was least heard of. This statement still holds true in some of the interior parts of the country. The Chinese were roused to action in 1937 to fight the Japanese because the latter interfered with the conservative ideas which most Chinese treasure highly. The Communists are now rousing many Chinese to fight against them because they bring in ideas that are threatening the happiness of the people. They import a disciplinary and stern type of government which interferes with Chinese individualism and freedom. The Communists force almost every male to fight for them, and there is no way of escape for anyone. This act is perhaps the most disgusting to the Chinese. This is the main reason why so many people, both rich and poor, flee to other places in face of the Communist advances in North China.

There is another important factor which causes many Chinese to rise up against the Communists. Many active Chinese Christians are spreading Christianity throughout the country, and this force is gaining influence daily. The Communists hate the Christians intensely and regard them as Public Enemy Number One. To aggravate this hatred, many of the Christian institutions are supported by American and British Christian denominations, and the Communists regard Chinese Christians and American and British "imperialism" as one whole group of "arch enemies." This situation explains why so many Christians, both Chinese and foreigners, are being persecuted and massacred by the Communists the moment they occupy a new territory. These persecutions cause more Chinese to hate the Communists and fight against them.

With the exception of Acting President Li Tsung Jem, many Chinese leaders are Christians, and the persecutions of their own creed reveal to them the importance of mustering the full support of the people against Communism so that the Chinese may follow the path of democratic nations in attaining the most precious birthrights given to men—freedom of worship, freedom of speech, and freedom to choose their own way of life without an iron hand to force slavery upon them.

The Rorschach Test

BARBARA R. HAMM

Rhetoric 102, Theme 9

ONE OF THE MOST ACCURATE PERSONALITY TESTS known is the Rorschach Test. Since this test requires the services of experts, it is not the purpose of this paper to conduct a learned discussion of its clinical applications. The layman is interested in such a test more for its information value than for its practical value. Here will be given the general background and method of giving the test, including the process by which a pattern of personality is formed.

The test was devised by Hermann Rorschach, a Swiss psychiatrist. Dr. Rorschach had never intended to become a doctor, but following the death of his father he was advised to leave his study of natural science for the study of medicine. In 1910 Hermann Rorschach qualified as a psychiatrist and served in several European institutions. Unfortunately for Swiss psychiatry, Dr. Rorschach died at the age of thirty-four.¹ It was during the last decade of his life that he devised the personality test which bears his name.

For some time psychiatrists had been considering ways and means of testing human personality. One day it occurred to Dr. Rorschach that a childhood game of inkblots might prove useful. He made the first test card by dropping a blot of ink on non-porous paper, folding the paper across the blot, and applying pressure. The result was a symmetrical pattern. The next step was to secure people's reaction to the blot. Since each person gave a different answer, Dr. Rorschach decided that certain tendencies of personality might be indicated. His last work was to standardize several thousand inkblots into ten usable ones and to begin the arduous task of analyzing the answers. These two procedures form the basis of the Rorschach Test.²

The actual test is simple, although careful preparation must be made. The two people involved in the test are the subject and the examiner. The latter must create and maintain a friendly, unhurried atmosphere. During the test the subject sits with his back toward the examiner. This encourages concentration on the part of the subject and permits the examiner to write without being observed. When the stage has been properly set, the examiner hands the subject the first inkblot card, and the test has begun.

The first portion of the test is called the free-association period. At this time the subject tells the examiner everything he sees in the inkblot. If the subject sees nothing, the examiner must tactfully encourage him to look again.

¹ Hermann Rorschach, *Psychodiagnostics* (Berne, Switzerland, 1942). p. vi.

² John Langdon-Davies, "Your Off-Guard Personality," *Science Digest*, XXIV (October, 1948), 54.

Through encouragement and non-leading questions by the examiner, most subjects will see several objects in the blot. However, if the subject gives too many items and shows signs of continuing *ad infinitum*, each card should be removed tactfully at the end of ten minutes. This procedure continues until ten cards have been observed and all items recorded.³

The second portion of the test is called the period of inquiry and is dominated by the examiner. The subject now faces the examiner and together they go over the responses. The examiner questions each response, and the subject points to that part of the blot which induced his answer. This continues until all ten cards have been reviewed and the responses justified. The test itself is now finished.

The scientific scoring of the Rorschach test is complicated and involves a weighing and balancing of responses.⁴ The first item of interest to Rorschach interpreters is whether or not the subject viewed the inkblot as a whole or only as a series of parts. From this the examiner can tell the subject's reaction to a situation. If most of the blots were whole responses, the subject has the ability to size up the situation in its entirety. If the subject became absorbed in minute dots and fuzzy edges, he generally has a small outlook and a pinched personality.⁵ The former is apt to become an executive, and the latter probably would make a good bookkeeper.

The second method of interpreting the test is by the use of "determinants," that is, the extent to which the subject's responses were influenced by form, color, shading, and movement. The form responses are the result of intellect and the effect of civilization upon our basic nature. Such a form response might be "zulu heads" or "lobster claws."⁶ The second "determinant" is color. The response stimulated by color has a direct appeal to the emotions. Too much emphasis on color reveals a person easily overcome by his emotions. A response influenced by color and form combined indicates self-control.

Probably the most common thing seen in the blots is movement. This can be further subdivided into human, animal, and inanimate movement. Responses showing a great deal of human movement indicate contentment and happiness. Responses showing a great deal of animal movement indicate an appreciation of the simple life and the acceptance of primitive instincts. The inanimate movement response, such as falling leaves, shows a person who lives in a world of wishes.⁷

The third way of interpreting the responses is through content. Did the subject see human beings, animals, parts of anatomy, maps or figures of fantasy? Each category brings its own character indications. Many ferocious

³ Samuel J. Beck, *Rorschach's Test, Basic Processes* (New York, 1944), p. 2.

⁴ Howard Whitman, "Blots On Your Character," *Woman's Home Companion*, LXXIV (January, 1947), 10.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 11.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 48.

⁷ *Ibid.*

animals would indicate an overbearing, hostile individual, while Mr. Milque-toast may see only lambs and rabbits in the same blot. From these examples it is easily seen why only a Rorschach expert should interpret the test.

The Rorschach Test has proved its value in many instances. During the recent Nuremberg trials several choice Nazi subjects were given the tests. During World War II the Army used the test to select officer material and even for secret service assignments.⁸ Since there are only about one thousand qualified examiners in the country, the use of the test has been limited.⁹

The Rorschach Test uses the projective technique to attain its results. The inkblot actually reveals nothing. The responses come from the subject's inner self, and for this reason, the examiner must use discretion in what he says during the test.¹⁰ During the period of inquiry, the subject further reveals himself by justifying his responses. This is one personality test in which the subject cannot cheat. He may try to distort his answers, but he can seldom distort them consistently. For this reason the Rorschach Test has proved its worth. Perhaps in the future the test will prove its worth in medical diagnosis.

⁸ Langdon-Davies, *op. cit.*, p. 56.

⁹ Whitman, *op. cit.*, p. 48.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*

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Riding a Pony to an Examination

WILLARD L. BAKER

Rhetoric 101, Theme B

RIDING A PONY TO AN EXAMINATION IS NOT NEW; IT probably began many, many years ago with the honor system. Under this system, the student was expected to be on his honor to complete his work without assistance. The result was that the professor had the honor and the student devised and used the system. Most students have at one time or another ridden a pony to an examination. For those who plead innocence, the term means using a previously prepared source of information as an aid during the testing procedure. This, of course, is a method of cheating, perhaps not the lowest form, but cheating nevertheless. Human nature being what it is,

the term is applied only to relieve the conscience and does not in any way lessen the crime.

The pony can and does assume many shapes, though it is of necessity small, as is the animal after which it is named. The riding qualities, that is the value of the pony, depend entirely upon the ability of the student in determining the information to be entered therein and his ingenuity in planning the best means of using it without detection. Although some ponies are produced commercially and are passed like heirlooms from one class of students to another in turn, the majority of students prepare their own individual ponies.

The pony riders, those who use these choice bits of information to facilitate their classroom work, can be divided into three separate and distinct types: the beginner, the bungler, and the veteran. Each type has certain characteristics and mannerisms that are quite apparent to the professor. While observing each type carefully, he experiences humorous incidents, feelings of indignation, and moments of anger.

The beginner is marked by telltale signs of timidity and uncertainty. He may be compared with a person approaching a horse for the first time. He observes the animal, noting its size, shape, and actions, but is hesitant to do anything that might result in an injury. The novice pony rider likewise gives particular attention to his class environment. He counts the students in the class and hopes for security in numbers. In addition, a cautious check is made on the alertness of the professor as well as the condition of his eyesight. After weighing his chances, the thoughts of a failing grade gradually overcome the fear of being detected, and he is then ready to formulate some sort of plan to assist him on his journey. His first attempts can be compared to those of a man attempting to mount a horse from the wrong side. Unless he has obtained a commercial pony, he will in all probability design his so that his notes are of little or no value. At the beginning of the test, he will find that in the place of having a pony available for a ride, he has the small long-eared equine with which all are familiar. The beginner is usually overlooked by the professor, since he is neither humorous nor exasperating.

The beginner, however, soon progresses into the group known as bunglers. The bungler furnishes a source of pleasure for the professor. At this stage the would-be pony rider is recognizable by his awkwardness. Even though his pony is concise and correct, his antics in utilizing it closely resemble the movements of a gymnast. The pony placed in the upper part of the shoe slides into the shoe proper, making necessary the removal of the foot covering if the information is to be used. There is always a sleeve or cuff available for notes; however, once in the classroom, he finds that his carefully prepared notes have receded to the vicinity of his elbow and that their use will require a feat of bodily skill. The bungler, using the palm of his hand as a note pad, looks for his information at classtime, only to find it smeared beyond legibility by nervous perspiration. The bungler's situation closely parallels a person's first

ride on horseback Neither the horse nor the rider is coordinated, and the ultimate result is one of fatigue and dissatisfaction.

After many uncomfortable incidents, the bungler graduates into the veteran class. This is a select group and the one that causes the professor anguish eventually leading to anger. The veteran pony rider, however, is unperturbed and in his actions compares favorably with Roy Rogers and his famous horse Trigger. With clever assuredness, he smoothly applies the devious methods experience has taught him. Although the male is the worse offender, pony riding is not wholly restricted to that sex. Many pretty coeds of reasonable proportions have, rather than rely on their charms, calmly removed their compacts from purses, opened them, and transcribed the valuable information written therein.

Riding a pony is a sport to only a few. To most students the furtive glance at the prepared notes with one eye on the professor is a serious game, one of playing, obtaining a goal, and winning. If they would visualize the professor as both the opponent and especially the scorekeeper, the futility of pony riding would become manifest.

A Day On the Mississippi Sloughs

RALPH BUTLER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

TEN YEARS AGO THE MISSISSIPPI SLOUGHS SOUTH OF Galena were a forest-infested swamp; but since a dam was built on the Mississippi below the sloughs, the backwater of the river has changed the appearance of the land. A flood seems to have inundated the area. Trees, bare of bark, stand upright, ghostly white skeletons of what they used to be, and deadwood lies cluttered on the beaches. Today, the sloughs present a desolate landscape; however, the dead trees are rapidly rotting and falling, and soon the green growth on higher ground will return.

The sloughs have always been a favorite camping spot for anglers, and erection of the dam did not harm fishing. I was first introduced to slough camping by my Aunt Marie, who is a fishing enthusiast, and spends much of her time at a friend's camp on the sloughs. In the summer she is tanned a deep brown, presenting an unusual complexion for a lady who makes dresses as a living.

Early one morning we drove the twisting downhill road from Galena to the ferry in my aunt's old Model A, holding the gear shift in second while the tar-paper and chicken-wire roof flapped merrily. As the ferry is the nearest one can get to the camp by car, we boarded a flat-bottomed, blunt-nosed boat

for the second leg of the trip. (In the winter we could have skated.) These barge-type boats are the most practical fishing craft on the sloughs. They can be navigated in shallow water, are almost impossible to tip, and provide ample space for storage of fishing gear.

Seeing the camp for the first time around a bend in the slough, I thought the largest building looked like a small two-story cabin. In reality, the cabin is built on stilts to keep it dry when in spring the river rises. The first floor is only a shell construction of boards and roofing paper surrounding the pilings. It often has been almost completely covered with water. In fact, the severity of the annual flood is measured by the number of steps leading to the second floor which have disappeared. Board walks connect the cabin with the other parts of the camp: the little house, garden, and chicken house.

In order to avoid a submerged island, we had to approach the camp in a wide arc. After tying the boat up at the floating dock, I entered the cabin and was greeted by "Slug," its owner, a man of seventy-odd years whose wrinkled brown head looks like a big butternut. "Slug's" given name along with the story behind his nickname has long been forgotten. A "river rat" or commercial fisherman, he is rich in the lore and knowledge of fishing, often having traveled up and down the river in his younger days. And when serving chicken and noodles along with vegetables from his garden, "Slug" can't be beaten as a cook.

My other companions on the slough were to consist of people who, like my aunt, discard all the conventions of their working life when they go down to the river. Like "Slug" they don't use their given names but nicknames. Marie Duerrstein becomes "Rock"; Edith McDonald, "Rusty"; and Marie Vonderdrink, "Mope." They dress in old clothes and go barefoot, abandoning their cares as they bask leisurely in the sun. Judged by enthusiasm, their projects remind one of children's ventures rather than those of adults. Whether cleaning fish, painting chairs, or bailing water out of the boats, these men and women are happy and content.

I had just time to hear the names of a few of the group before five of us and "Slug" left the cabin and set out to take in trot lines in the Mississippi. Traveling in the *Rusty Rock*, my aunt's boat, we passed the shallow inlet of Dead Man's Slough and soon reached the entrance to the Mississippi. The clash of strong undercurrents at this point caused whirlpools to form on the surface of the water, and the outboard motor groaned noticeably. I can remember wondering what would happen to me if I fell out of the boat at this spot. But the surface of the Mississippi itself was quite placid as we headed toward Kiddoe's Point, the head of an island close to which our lines were set.

A trot line consists of a long cord to which several lines two feet long are fastened. It has to be kept in special boxes to prevent it from becoming tangled. At one end of the long cord is a bobber; at the other end, a weight. The line is dropped close to shore away from the main current, with the bobber on the

surface of the water to show where the line is located. To "run" the line one hauls it in, with a dip net ready to scoop up the fish before it leaves the water. Because one must have had experience to handle the dip net, line, and boat correctly, I wasn't much help on this first fishing trip. If the fish is able to maneuver himself under the boat, he can easily get away. Our quarry that day was the big channel catfish, but we had to be satisfied with perch. As it was nearly time for lunch, we headed back to camp.

The afternoon passed quickly. I practiced my rowing while my aunt and I tried some pole-and-line fishing on Harris slough. Later "Bood" took me on an excursion through the extensive network of sloughs in the region. I suppose the Mississippi sloughs are similar to the bayous of Louisiana, except that the vegetation is of a less tropical nature. Certainly one could easily become lost if he weren't familiar with the territory. One slough looks much like another, and for miles at a stretch the only sign of life is the multitude of birds overhead, mostly gulls and herons.

When "Bood" and I returned to the camp, it was already dark. That night the cabin was crowded; its two small bedrooms and porch were uncomfortably full. I was uneasily situated on a wicker couch; but I wasn't annoyed, because my mind was happily occupied with anticipation of a new day of fishing on the Mississippi sloughs.

Boom

SALLY RICHARDSON

Rhetoric 101, Final Examination

BOOM! THAT WAS THE ADJECTIVE WHICH WAS ATTACHED to our little town. Boom! When oil was discovered outside of town, taverns and various other buildings sprang up over night. Boom! The whole pattern of life had been changed. Boom! This was the sound which, at first, we loved, and later learned to hate. Boom! Another oil deposit had been discovered. Boom! Boom! Boom!

Ours was a small town in the southern part of Oklahoma. It had been a quiet town which knew only the simple routine of getting up, doing a day's work, going to bed, seeing a show in the square on Saturday night, and going to church on Sunday. Then the lives of all the people in town were changed. Some government geologists came to search for oil—and they found it. Soon the word was "rush." Rush the meals; rush the machinery; rush the drilling; rush people's lives until they dropped from sheer exhaustion.

My father was one of those caught in the maelstrom of the oil fever. Before, he had been content to run a small garage; now he was planning on a chain of them. Before the oil, he had plenty of time to do everything and

anything ; now he gulped his food down, rushed to the oil fields, rushed home for supper, and caught a few hours of sleep.

By this time the population had grown to four times the normal number. There were more children running the streets, more shacks on the outskirts, and more uneven dispositions. The gambling rate was high. Often I heard my father and mother arguing over the amount of money he had lost in gambling parties. The situation was the same all over town.

But all the thrill of drilling for the black gold and reaping the profits was soon to be over. One day the boom sounded, but with more force and violence than had ever been heard. Then the sound of firetrucks heading for the oil fields told us that the expected had happened. One of the wells had blown up. Looking out the window we could see the flames licking the clouds, destroying the oil fields. Quickly my mother herded all of us children into a bedroom and hurried off.

The next morning it was all over. Everyone knew what had happened. One of my father's wells had been ignited by a spark from a generator. He and six of his men were unable to get away from the derrick and were killed in the conflagration. The fire had destroyed more than three-fourths of the fields before it was stopped.

The funeral preparations were quickly made ; and on the day of the funeral, the thing that stood out in my mind was the dull thud of the cannons as Father and his fellow workers were laid by the fields which had caused their destruction. Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom.

Our Own Little Jungle

JO GARRISON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

NATURE MAY BE ALL RIGHT IN THE GREAT, WIDE, WONDERFUL out-of-doors, but when all the foliage moves into the house, that is going too far. It all started when my brother and I gave Mother a plant for Mother's Day two years ago. All the lovely flowers fell off the next day, and, though the plant never bloomed again, it grew like a weed. Mother credited this growth to her loving care and New Life plant food.

Then one fateful day Mother joined the Garden Club. One plant led to another until we were running a home for aged and sick plants. Our house was a jungle overrun with creeping greenery. Ivy hung from the mantel, the walls, and picturesquely twined around the banister. It was entirely possible that some poor soul might have tripped on the undergrowth, fallen down the

stairs, knocked over the potted plants at the foot of the stairs, and awakened with a lily in his hands. Sliding down the banister was out of the question.

But that was not all; the whole garden had moved in with us for the winter. All the fragile plants had been placed in flats in the basement. I was forever losing ping-pong balls in our neat little jungle. New bulbs were being started in all the dark closets. Each east window contained violet slips which were rooting in all the jars around the house. The west windows were lined with African violets. Not a single one ever bloomed! Maybe they didn't know that Mother belonged to the Garden Club.

The crowning experience happened one Saturday. I was rummaging through the ice box when I noticed some "onions" in the freezing compartment. I later found that Mother was trying to force the tulip bulbs the way the garden book said.

The abundance of floral life had had a decided effect on the family. We no longer could spend our evenings sitting by the fire playing bridge or monopoly. No, we were looking at seed catalogs, or reading *Flower Grower* or the *Gardener's Encyclopedia*. Mother even talked to her plants, encouraging them and urging them to grow.

But salvation came! The plague of *oritocioluas perenosis* set in with its devastating results, causing all of Mother's precious little treasures to shrivel and die. She mourned their passing, while the rest of us secretly rejoiced. But not for long, for to our dismay, the plants were replaced by a more foreboding enemy. Mother had joined the Association for the Preservation of Dilapidated Antiques.

Whirling Snow

JOHN JAMES

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

CLICKITY-CLACK, CLICKITY-CLACK SANG THE WHEELS of the elevated train as it sped toward the Loop. The wind and rain pelted the sides of the car, and the passengers shivered and read the morning *Tribune*. The iron wheels screeched and screamed as the "el" jolted around a turn. Then the conductor opened the door and, amid a rush of cold air and rain, sullenly announced, "Laramie Avenue." Everyone winced from the cold and the thought of more people crowding into the car. The people were all wet and they did crowd and stand over you and drip water on your paper, but, as the "el" climbed skyward and became elevated, more stops were made and more people entered to drip water on your paper. "Central Avenue. All off for express to Canal Street. Garfield Park local. Cicero Avenue next."

It stopped raining; and the sun attempted to break through the dirty clouds. Unconcernedly I glanced out of the window. It was the usual sight, tenement houses with their rotted back porches facing the "el." This morning they were wet and starting to glisten from the sun. They were the same ugly, filthy tenement houses that I had seen every time I traveled the "el." Puddles of water collected on tarred roofs of the buildings, and some gutters still gushed water. Taverns and pool halls filled in the spaces between the taller structures, and drunks still lingered in the gutters and vacant lots. Little children pressed their noses against the dirty window panes and waved excitedly at the speeding, ungrateful train. The rocking and clattering of the "el" and a general lack of excitement caused me to doze. The last things I remembered seeing were tenement houses, dirty and rundown.

* * * * *

"Now behave yourself, Jackie, and we will get some nice toys while we are downtown. And for heaven's sake sit still and keep your clothes clean."

Today was my birthday and I was going downtown with my mother for some gifts. It was all exciting for me, and I tried to take in everything that I saw.

"See those dirty apartment houses, Jackie," whispered my mother. "Poor people have to live in those places. Always remember how fortunate you are that you have a nice home and good parents to take care of you."

I didn't hear her. A large crane was knocking down a wall and my mother's words were lost in my exclamations of wonder at the crane. As we descended the platform and entered into the magic of State Street and the thousands of rushing people, even my mother forgot the tenements along the "el."

* * * * *

"The letters are S. M. C. M. C."

"Aren't you going to give any hints," asked one.

"No, that would give it away. It's too easy anyway. S. M. C. M. C."

"Hmmm, S. M. C. M. C.—Samuel Majowsky Chapel and Funeral Home—no, that's not it, hmmm."

"Smoke My Cigarette—Milder Chesterfield! It's my turn now."

"Where was it?"

"See, on the Chesterfield sign, next to Del Monte and Austin Rug Cleaners."

"Oh ya! That was easy; I don't know why I missed it."

"Let's see now—umm, ohh—P. D. N. S. I. C."

And so went our game of Car Card advertisements as we rode downtown on the "el" train. We were in the eighth grade now, and we were going to the Loop to see Lake Michigan and a Telenews. It was Saturday fun when nothing else could be done. While I was the leader for the game, I could sit and look out of the window while the other fellows tried to answer my clue.

We passed tenement districts and my mind wandered and remembered something familiar about them. I had seen them before. All of the tenement windows were open, and cots were set up on the rotted back porches to escape the heat. Some blankets and pillows were lying on roofs and fire escapes. An odor arose from the area and it mixed with the smoke of the factories and formed a sickening stench. Small children played in streets that were heaped with rubbish. Walls were plastered with advertisements and filthy words. Small urchins wandered the streets and alleys grubbing through garbage cans and refuse piles.

"Did you see that street back—," I started to say but caught myself.

"Please Do not Spit In Car! I got it," a voice interrupted.

"That's right," I said looking away from the window.

* * * * *

"State Street Transfer"

I rose and shoved and was carried by the crowd of people out of the car and onto the station platform. Running up the stairs and over the bridge to the other side, I caught another train. "Kenwood Express, Congress Street next. Congress." With a grinding of wheels the train started to move. Gaining speed, it screeched and screamed around a turn and began a Southside journey. Warshawsky Auto Parts, Ace Iron and Junk Service, great piles of rusting iron and odd parts and automobiles bodies lay in block-long lots. Sometimes the lots were broken up by old, run-down structures. Unbelievably, the dilapidated buildings housed people.

The whirling snow covered the wounds and sore spots of the city. The junkyards were transformed into panoramas of surrealistic objects. The trash-filled and weedy vacant lots were the plains of Canada. The tenements were plastered with white. The missing bricks and rotted porches weren't noticeable under the blanket of white. The much-used black sloppy streets were vivid against the white of the snow. The whirling snow covered the wounds and sore spots of the city.

REPORTERS SPEND TWO WEEKS ON SKID ROW. Every day I feverishly read the newspaper articles of those two weeks on Skid Row. I couldn't realize that anyone lived under those conditions. The complete destitution that they lived in! Alcohol, alcohol in any state, was being drunk by these derelicts of Skid Row. Cheap wine, ten cent whiskey, canned Sterno, anti-freeze. Any of these variations usually caused death or blindness. Filthy flophouses, scores of taverns, and brothels line the streets just outside of the busy, proud Loop.

POLICE PROMISE ACTION. Taverns to be cleaned up by police.

MAYOR ORDERS INVESTIGATION. "All the men need are good steady jobs and a will to live. Cut down on the number of taverns in the area."

EXPOSE OWNERS OF SKID ROW TAVERNS. Some of the richest and most respected citizens of the city are represented among the tavern owners.

POLICE BEING PAID OFF. "I have to pay off about a half a dozen cops in order to stay in business," cried Max S. Golds.

SKID ROW INVESTIGATION SHELVED. "It is a long and complicated process," explained the Chief of Police. "I can't fire half of our police force just because of a small misdeed." Papers came out informing the public of the tremendous cost involved in the correcting of Skid Row. Most people tired and, too involved with the present taxes, quickly forgot about the region known as Skid Row. Others that weren't directly involved forgot, and those that were interested couldn't get any more information about it, so they forgot. Still others, for lack of an audience, discontinued their campaigns. The derelicts of Skid Row kept on drinking cheap wine, ten cent whiskey, canned Sterno, and anti-freeze. The derelicts of Skid Row kept on dying or going blind, and the taverns and brothels kept on paying off the cops.

The whirling snow covered the wounds and sore spots of the city.

* * * * *

Screech, screamed the iron wheels as the Loop-bound "el" rounded a turn. Clickity-clack, clickity-clack sang the wheels as the train sped through the morning. The rain had begun again and it pelted the windows and sides of the car, and the passengers shivered and read the morning *Tribune*.

A Brief History of the National Baseball League

MERRILL THOMPSON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 9

ON JUNE 12TH, 1939, A CROWD OF TEN THOUSAND hushed Americans looked on while the Museum of the Hall of Fame was being dedicated. There were plenipotentiaries present from both the American and National Leagues and a small group of eleven living Hall of Famers. It was truly a great moment in the lives of all these men. This event took place in the small town of Cooperstown, New York. Why was such an insignificant spot chosen as the site for the shrine of baseball? In this dot on the map baseball was first evolved. In 1839, Abner Doubleday was out in his garden, setting up a diamond and founding the game that had grown into a major sport. Can you think of a better spot for the Hall of Fame Museum than the place where baseball was born? Perhaps you don't know what the Museum is. It is a square, brown, brick building, neatly kept up despite the many visitors. Across the street from it is Doubleday Field, where

the annual games are played. This institution is kept up with the proceeds from these annual games between teams from each major league. This series is young and bound to grow in importance. You can't describe the Hall of Fame factually and understand what it is. It holds the bat of the great George Herman (Babe) Ruth; the spikes of Ty Cobb, the Georgia Peach; and so on down a long list of treasured items.¹ No true baseball fan can go into the Hall of Fame without being awe-stricken at the wealth of history surrounding him. In that little building you can trace the history of the National League.²

After Abner Doubleday discovered this baby giant, baseball teams began to organize all over the country. It was only natural that the teams should combine into some sort of league in order to schedule their games. The first important one was the National Association. The Association was made up of teams in all the major cities of America. It is ironic that the National Association was responsible for the founding of the National League. William Hulbert, owner of the Chicago entry in the National Association, wanted some better players for his team. He proceeded to lure such stars as A. G. Spalding, Cap Anson, Barnes, McVey, and Jim White from other teams in the league. The National Association didn't like it and decided to blacklist Hulbert and the players. The penalized players and Hulbert came to the conclusion that the only way to get around the blacklist was to start a league of their own.³

Hulbert called a preliminary meeting in Louisville, Kentucky, and received the backing of the Cincinnati Reds, St. Louis, and Louisville. Then on February 2, 1876, he called an important meeting in the Broadway Central Hotel in New York City.⁴ The eight charter members adopted a constitution drawn up by Hulbert and A. G. Spalding.⁵ The constitution eliminated such common evils as contract-jumping, gambling, drunkenness, and rowdyism.⁶ Morgan G. Bulkeley was elected first president. The next year he was succeeded by William Hulbert, who held that office until he died in 1882. The league included Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Hartford, New York, and Philadelphia.⁷ In 1877 the constitution had its first test. Four Louisville players were found guilty of being friendly with gamblers and were dismissed from the league. The constitution had passed with flying colors. For financial reasons, in 1899 the league decided to drop four teams. These were picked up and organized into the rival American League.⁸

¹ Hub Miller, "The Cooperstown Series," *Baseball*, LXXIX (July, 1947), 279.

² *Ibid.*

³ Warren Brown, *The Chicago Cubs* (New York, 1946), pp. 6-7.

⁴ Ford Frick, "Through the Years With the National League," *Sport*, II (April, 1947), 35.

⁵ Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 7.

⁶ Frick, *op. cit.*, p. 35.

⁷ Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 7.

⁸ Frick, *op. cit.*, p. 36.

The National League is now seventy-two years old. In that time many great teams have come and gone. John McGraw, fiery little manager of the old New York Giants, was stolen from the American League. His hard-boiled type of play brought the Giants many pennants and him much fame. Tinkers, Evers, and Chance were contemporaries of McGraw. These three men played short-stop, second base, and first base respectively. They were the greatest double play combination baseball has ever seen, and they brought the Chicago Cubs three straight pennants.⁹ Those were the times when feuding, fighting Wilbert Robinson, manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, had his famous differences with Muggsy McGraw. His Dodgers won the pennant in 1916. The marvel of the decade was the rise of George Stalling's Braves from last place on the fourth of July to first in September.¹⁰

Baseball has gone through many changes during the life of the National League. An important one is the livening-up of the ball. In the early 1900's, the home run king hit from ten to fifteen round-trippers per season. In the present day we have such records as sixty in a season, and the year's champ always hits over thirty. It hasn't been decided whether this has harmed or helped the game.¹¹ Changes in the rules were necessary because there was always someone who would get around them. Catchers were snapping their fingers to sound like a foul and then catching the ball for an out. This necessitated making all but the third foul a strike. In the days of one umpire the ballplayers would pull all sorts of tricks behind the poor umpire's back. It was impossible to watch the whole diamond at once. That is the reason for the three umpire system of today.¹²

There may have been a few lean years during the last war, but baseball continued to put on as good a show as possible. Baseball has given Americans that wholesome competitive entertainment that the people enjoy. Men such as Mathewson, Wagner, Hornsby, and Dean have made themselves idols of the younger generation.¹³ Baseball, and the National League in particular, has made its way into the hearts of millions of people and has become an important factor in the lives of many.

⁹ *Ibid.*

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 102.

¹¹ Dan Daniel, "Are Home Runs Ruining Baseball?" *Sport*, V (August, 1948), 16.

¹² Bill Byron, "Here's Why They Changed the Rules," *Baseball Digest*, VII (February, 1948), 26.

¹³ Frick, *op. cit.*, pp. 34-7.

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Mass Production

ROBERT SIMON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

A CUTTING WEST WIND PUSHES SHAPELESS MASSES OF gray cloud rapidly across the lowering sky. The few remaining dead brown leaves on the trees rustle forlornly, and the smoke from the chimneys is blown to shreds as it emerges. The factory, bearing the inscription "Pickard China" on a corroded brass plate near the door, crouches low, seemingly to escape the wind.

At 7:45 the first car can be seen turning the corner a block down. It lurches over the chuck holes that pock mark Corona Avenue and comes to a halt in front of the factory. The driver reaches into the back seat for his lunch pail and emerges sleepily from the car. Shivering slightly he walks up the sidewalk at the right of the building to the door marked "Employees Only." The warmer air of the clay shop is welcome to him as he pauses at the time clock near the door. The clock clangs "good morning" to him, and he walks on, disappearing momentarily into the locker room to hang up his hat and coat. When he reappears he is struggling to tie the strings of his dusty white apron in back.

More cars pull up in front of the building, and each driver goes through the same ritual—lunch pail, time clock, apron. Little groups of people form. In the deathlike silence a low hum of talk begins, a quiet laugh, then several—all seemingly reluctant to break the unnatural stillness that crept in when the machinery was shut down the night before.

Suddenly the telephone bells all over the plant ring in unison. Machinery rumbles and whines into action, belts clicking, shafts, wheels, and gears spinning. The groups of people break, hesitate a moment for a last word, and finally explode, scattering workers to their benches. Backs bend to pick up tools; fresh boards of newly made ware are set in front of the women; the dryers click into motion, and work is under way.

The plaster shop is located at the front of the plant. It is always much too warm in the plaster shop, but old John Lippert likes it that way because he takes cold easily. He is carefully soaping the shiny surfaces of the plaster dies from which the molds are made. John's work is highly skilled and in his many years of experience (beginning as an apprentice in Germany) he has become a master. Presently he will pour the creamy plaster mix into the cases, wash the pouring bucket, wait for the plaster to set, and then he will take the molds out and begin again.

Johnny Mizzen is preparing a batch of body in the huge cylindrical ball mill. Soon all the raw materials—feldspar, china clay, talc, ball clay, water,

sodium silicate—will be in the mill and the long grind will begin. The cover will be tightly clamped on, and the mill will be slowly revolved, the stones with which it is partially filled grinding and scraping the raw materials against each other and against the sides of the mill with a deafening roar.

The jiggermen are running, in preparation for the day's run, their plastic clay through the pug mill to remove all the air bubbles trapped in it. They turn the circular shapes which are made by setting the round mold in a rapidly spinning wheel. After spreading the clay over the mold, they lower a metal jig on it which cuts and pushes the clay into the desired shape.

Finishers are busy sponging and cutting; stickers are putting handles and feet on cups and cream soups; casters are pouring a liquid mixture of clay called "slip" into molds; kilnmen are loading and unloading the tunnel kiln which bakes the ware; glazers are spraying the abrasive, once fired (bisque) china with a thin coat of pink colored material that one would never expect to become a glossy glaze; more kilnmen are loading and unloading the glazed ware in another tunnel of the kiln; ware in all stages is being inspected and either passed or rejected; decorators are stamping, decaling, and hand painting glazed ware; small decorating kilns are being emptied of yesterday's run to make room for today's; packers, inspectors, and stock room clerks are busily preparing to send the orders out; and the office people are doing routine office work, totally apart from the rest.

Lines of production move slowly past stationary workers, grinding on inevitably, seemingly eternally. Smaller sub-lines feed into the main line, all timed perfectly to present the right thing at the right place at the right time. People moving, doing things; at first glance they seem intent only on their jobs. But they are not looking at their work! Their eyes seem to be focused on some brick on the opposite wall, or on the lone, leafless tree outside the window. They seem to be working mechanically, like living, breathing, human machines. Each movement is carried out automatically, quickly and efficiently, but without apparent thought—as though their bodies belonged to the particular job that they were doing. As though when they began the job, their minds were suspended in space, having no control over their actions.

Time hangs nearly motionless. Arms rise and fall regularly, run through a cycle and start over. China is being made! As though on a huge belt run by clockwork the chain operations that make up each finished shape progress. Tick . . . the raw materials for a cup are mixed. Tick . . . they are ground and screened. Tick . . . the cup is jigged. Tick . . . the cup is dried and taken from the mold. Tick . . . a handle and foot that have been prepared along a parallel line are stuck to it. Tick . . . the cup is finished. And so on until the cup is ready to be sold; each human machine picks it up as it stops before him, does one operation, and returns the cup only to pick up another.

The sleepiness of the early morning seems to merge and lose itself in the fatigue that spreads over one and engulfs him as the day wears on. To a

factory worker the question isn't "Are you tired?" but "How are you tired?" Are you sleepy because it's early morning and you hate to wake up fully enough to know that another drab day has begun? Are you mentally tired from trying to think about something that could take your mind away from this dusty gray room with its incessant roar? Are you stuffed from eating too much lunch in your attempt to substitute one of the baser animal pleasures, eating, for those which you must give up in order to make a living? Or are you physically tired, but mentally vigorous at the prospect of going home soon?

In a factory, work is monotony and monotony is work. Each day follows regularly on the heels of the preceding day and is its exact duplicate. Yet if one is to progress, he must do his work better than someone else is doing it, or better than it has been done before. He must think about the job while all his impulses warn him that if he is to continue this torture, his mind must be focused on something else or he will surely go mad.

After a time, one who has not been careful must inevitably slip into the stoical mental immobility of the machine for which he is a substitute—a machine which as yet may not have been invented but could be and will be when labor costs rise high enough. In this complacency a worker has arrived at a position far worse than the stormy dissatisfaction he held before. He has achieved the sublime: the absence of thought for a period of eight hours a day, forty hours a week. He is an empty shell utterly devoid of imagination and originality.

But he has also achieved happiness. At five o'clock he stops work, again disappears into the locker room and reappears struggling into his coat, grasping his empty lunch pail in one hand. One by one the machines stop, plunging the building back into stillness. The time clock clangs "good night," and he disappears around the corner. Motors cough and start; car lights blink on; the cars back around and bump happily away over Corona Avenue's chuck holes.

Anna Karenina

GENE WINDCHY

Rhetoric 102, Theme 7

THE THEME OF *ANNA KARENINA* IS THE SEARCH FOR THE meaning of life, the key to the social, religious, and economic problems that arose in Russia during the 1870's.

Russia of the 1870's was in a state of turmoil. Social and economic conditions were fast becoming untenable because of the co-existence of the feudal and capitalistic systems. Because of this antagonistic situation, the period was necessarily one of political and social reform. What the Russians wanted to know was how they could establish harmony. In what direction should they

head? What should be their goal? Should they follow the Church? Should they follow a code of moral principles? If so, what principles?

Each of the principal characters in *Anna Karenina* is guided by a different philosophy which he takes to be the meaning of life. With the exception of Anna, each is representative of some element in the Russian aristocracy.

Though their codes are diverse, the characters other than Anna are all motivated "in terms of the rôle in society." Anna believes that the only important thing in life is to love and be loved and is therefore motivated from within.

Anna decided to abandon her husband and child because of her love for Count Vronsky. She later decided to kill herself because she could no longer love—she had come to hate Vronsky.

Count Vronsky represents the shallow urban aristocracy which acts according to a fixed set of principles based on "honor." To Vronsky it is dishonorable to evade a gambling debt but not so to avoid paying a tailor. It is proper to give an insult but disgraceful to accept one.

When Vronsky is confronted by a situation (the birth of his child by Anna) not covered by his principles, he thinks of self-destruction and does attempt to kill himself.

Alexey Alexandrovitch, Anna's husband, is representative of that element guided by formalities. Whether of marriage or money, Karenin's problems are solved rationally according to social conventions and religious traditions. Deserted by Anna, Karenin is in an unconventional position and therefore must lose himself in religion.

Levin represents the liberal landed nobility and is the medium of Tolstoi's own philosophy. Until late in the story, Levin believes the meaning of life lies in his work, the management of his farm and the welfare of his peasants. When he becomes convinced of the unimportance of his work and can no longer act in accordance with his role as a landowner, Levin almost attempts suicide.

Vronsky and Karenin, in effect, merely intensify their former codes of conduct. Levin, however, accepts an entirely new philosophy. Where Anna failed, Levin succeeds. Anna searched for love and placed her trust on the shaky foundation of an earthly person. But Levin finds an unshakable love, a spiritual love.

Levin decides that it accomplishes nothing to live for one's work or anything else temporal, but one should live for God.

Levin's motivation thenceforth comes from within, and the tragedy of the story is softened by this continuation of the spirit of Anna.

Why Be Afraid?

ERNEST KAUFMAN

Rhetoric 101

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I WAS AFRAID TO ADMIT THAT I am Jewish. I was so afraid that I believed only complete assimilation could save me and my fellows. It is only natural that I should think that way, for all I had ever known was fear and discrimination.

When I was six years old, my parents left Germany to escape Hitler's hatred for the Jews. When the Fuehrer overtook Holland, our new home, I could not understand why my parents were so grief-stricken. Soon, however, I learned the reason for their sadness. Hitler's heroes began to restrict our freedoms. Many of us were sent to concentration camps. At first there were some who were exempt. We were among those. How we rejoiced; we were safe. Safe, no, safety did not exist with the Nazis around.

Thus I learned the futility of all attempts to escape discrimination. I saw my relatives being dragged away never to be heard of again. My friends disappeared one by one, until only my mother and I were left to return.

Then I began to wonder, "What makes them hate us?" I could not find the answer to this question. As far as I could see there was only one difference between them and me, and that was religion; therefore I concluded that our own ways of praying to God should be abandoned, and the ways of the others should be accepted. This feeling was strengthened throughout the two years in the concentration camps. It became almost an obsession when I finally learned what had happened to my relatives. They were murdered in cold blood. Why, I cannot understand to this day; but of this I was sure, I was not going to end up that way. Rather than that I would give up Judaism.

Then I came to the United States. I met new people. What surprised me most was that they were not afraid to say that they were Jewish. On the contrary, they were proud of their religion. I heard of Thomas Jefferson's great words:

"We believe these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."

Then it slowly dawned on me that I must not be afraid. I am one of the people Jefferson spoke about. I, too, have these rights, not only in the United States, but everywhere; for this world belongs to Him who gave us these inalienable rights.

I know now that giving in to fear is foolish. Only if I myself stand up for freedom from discrimination can I hope to persuade others to do the same. Perhaps some day we will see a truly free world.

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